

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Copper.*



AT THE OLD GAMEKEEPER'S COTTAGE.

GEORGE BURLEY;

HIS HISTORY, EXPERIENCES, AND OBSERVATIONS.

BY G. B. SARGENT, AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A CITY ARAB."

CHAPTER XIX.—SOPHY.

It is well for biographers that they are under no express obligation to account for the strange contradictions and inconsistencies in human conduct which they have to record. If they were compelled to do this, they would often be provoked to lay down their pens. As a case in point, I am not able to declare the motives which induced Mrs. Tozer to invite her old admirer to spend

a day with her in her own home, when it was evident that his first visit had been so provocative of mental anguish.

There are persons, no doubt—middle-aged, or more than middle-aged, bachelors and widowers, to wit—who suspect a snare, a trap, a baited hook, or a pitfall (to use their own expressive similes), in every friendly smile which greets them, and every polite attention offered to them on the part of kind-hearted and compassionate spinsters or widows. Probably—but I write with submission—this feeling arises from pure vanity: and the ladies thus accused of deep-laid plots are

perfectly innocent in thought and intention. Certain I am that no such preposterous a design entered the head or heart of Frank Tozer's widow, whatever other motive she might have had in offering her hospitality to her former friend; nor did Mr. Falconer lay the flattering unction to his soul that, at sixty years old, he was still deemed worth reclaiming by the lover of thirty years ago. If for a few days he was led to entertain this notion, and was amused at its absurdity, he must have been disabused of it by the lady's earnest and indignant disavowal of the forged letter he had received, as well as by her bearing towards himself in the interview I have described. He was not sorry for this, I am sure; and, quite satisfied with leaving his old love fathoms deep below the tide of time and circumstances which had rolled over it, he, no doubt, felt himself more untrammelled in carrying out his original intention, that of taking his cousin's orphan boy, young Marmaduke, under his protection, and making him his heir by testament, as he really was by law. In accepting the lady's invitation, therefore, his motives, at any rate, were near enough the surface of his conduct.

Having said this much by explication, I am more at liberty to proceed with my story.

Another walk through the two pleasant parks and along the village road, on the appointed day, brought us to the widow's door, which was opened to us by the much-enduring Marianne Bolster, whose countenance, I was glad to observe, was radiant with smiles, and who, without questioning, introduced us once more into the gloomy parlour. Here we were speedily joined by the widow, and presently by her son also, who, in the very timid way I had previously noticed, silently offered his hand to his newly-found relative, and then slunk into a dark corner of the room.

Apart from this indication of a settled dread of his mother, on the part of Marmaduke, our reception was more encouraging than on the former occasion. If Mrs. Tozer was cold and formal, she was polite and courteous; and the introduction of a lunch-tray gave me no small joy, for I had been reckoning up with some dismay that three hours at least must elapse before dinner-time.

I was not so occupied, however, with the important business of eating and drinking as not to notice that our hostess was much improved in her outward appearance, having exchanged her extraordinarily ugly morning cap for a handsome turban trimmed with lace—a sort of head-dress fashionable enough in the year 18—, though antiquated now; and replaced her nankeen *robe de chambre* by a rich silk gown. And, though no art or change of costume could altogether conceal the ravages which time and trouble had wrought on a countenance that had once been pretty, I was surprised into thinking the lady much more interesting, in spite of her green spectacles, than she had appeared to be on the former visit. She was very gracious to me too; and when Mr. Falconer presently proposed that the two boys—meaning Marmaduke and myself—should be permitted to amuse ourselves as we pleased, she signified her assent to our taking a walk till dinner-time. Accordingly, I found myself demurely marching with my silent companion away from his mother's door.

Demurely and silent, that is to say, as long as we were within possible sight and hearing; after this Marmaduke relaxed. He had lived all his life in the village, had been almost secluded from society, was inspired with a terrible dread of his mother, who had hitherto been his sole teacher, and evidently a very severe teacher too; and he ardently longed to be delivered from the

bondage of home, and meant, when he was a little older, to run away and go to sea as a sailor. This, as far as I can recollect, is a fair summary of our confidential communications, until we came to the announcement of the desperate determination last mentioned, when Marmaduke broke out passionately—

"And I would run away to-morrow, if it wasn't for Sophy."

"Who is Sophy?" I wanted to know.

"She lives with her grandmother and grandfather. He is the Squire's gamekeeper, he is; and Sophy is—never mind what she is; you shall see her, Hurly."

Saying this, Marmaduke took my hand and dragged me along. We were, I suppose, a mile or more from the boy's home; and, as I remember it now, every step he had taken had increased his hilarity by lifting a load off his mind.

"I tell you," he said, as we hurried on, "if it hadn't been for Sophy, I should have run away ever so long ago; but it wouldn't have done to leave her behind, you know."

"Why not, Marmaduke?"

"Why not! Why, how stupid you are!"

I was very stupid, no doubt, and the more proved myself to be so by not understanding Marmaduke's further assertion that he liked Sophy Tindall better than anybody else in the whole world, and all the more because his mother couldn't bear old Storks the gamekeeper, nor the gamekeeper's old wife, nor anybody belonging to them.

"But it isn't good of you, Marmaduke, to like people that your mother dislikes, is it?" I asked.

"Oh, isn't it though?" said he, scornfully. "I wonder who there would be for me to like if I were to wait for her liking. But come along if you are coming."

Presently we turned down a green lane, bounded on one side by the palings of the park through which I had passed that morning, and presently came upon a pretty cottage, built in an ornamental style, and having a high thatched roof. It stood back from the green lane by the width of a moderately-sized garden, which was fenced in with rustic rails. This, as I presently found, was the back of the cottage; the front facing the park, to which its inhabitants had free access.

"Here's where Sophy lives," said my companion; and then, without further ceremony, he threw open the garden-gate, dashed up the path, shouting to me to "come along;" and in another minute I found myself in a good-sized kitchen, floored with red bricks, and in the presence of a neat little elderly woman, whom Marmaduke familiarly addressed as "granny."

"This is George Burley, granny," said he, after the first salutation, and laying his hand condescendingly on my arm. "I told you about him yesterday, you know, and said I would bring him to see you if I could. Where's Sophy?"

Sophy was gone to the "great house," but would be back presently, we were informed; and then Mrs. Storks, who was really a very pleasant, good-tempered, bustling, homely sort of housewife, bade us be seated, telling me at the same time that she was quite proud to have a visit paid her by a live Londoner.

"And I reckon," added Mrs. Storks, "you won't be any the worse for a slice of plum-cake and a glass of wine. Boys are always hungry, you know." And then, disregarding my assurance that I had eaten one lunch already, she hustled to her pantry and brought forward a huge cake, and a black bottle which contained currant wine of her own make, as she assured me, and therefore couldn't do any harm to anybody.

Meanwhile I had time to cast my eyes round the room. It was superlatively clean and bright, from the tin candlesticks on the mantelshelf to the pewter plates on the dresser, which shone almost like looking-glasses. Over the fireplace, resting on a rack, were two or three formidable-looking guns; and suspended against the opposite wall were as many glass cases, containing stuffed birds and small quadrupeds, being trophies of the old gamekeeper's skill, no doubt.

"Now, then, Hurly, make haste: we musn't be wasting time, you know," Marmaduke urged, as I was delicately nibbling my slice of cake and sipping the currant wine, which I thought delicious then, but which I remember brought tears into my eyes by its peculiar tartness. "Why, how long you are about it!" he added, as he crammed the last morsel of *his* slice into his mouth. "No, I won't have any more, thankee, granny" (this to our entertainer); "I shan't be able to eat any dinner else, and then I shall be found out. Have you done, Hurly?"

"Deary me, what a hurry you are in, Master Duke!" said the gamekeeper's wife.

"I shouldn't wonder if I am, granny. I want to see Sophy, you know, and"—looking out at the window, which opened on the park—"here she comes, and I am off. You stop here, Hurly, till I come back." And, without any further ceremony, my companion opened the door and was gone.

I do not think that my astonishment on finding William Bix under the disguise of a quack doctor was greater than that which I now experienced at the change which had passed over Marmaduke Tozer. It was not so much his precocious manliness which surprised me—though this was startling enough—as the ease with which he appeared to cast off the restraints of home when removed only by a short distance from its influences. It was the old saying of "two faces under one hood" exemplified. Within reach of his mother's eye and voice, Marmaduke was evidently under a spell of terror; escaped from these, his animal spirits rose, and his wild nature exulted in its momentary freedom. I was wonderstricken then, but I do not wonder now while I recall these passages in my early experience. It was quite natural, and very common also. Later observation has taught me this—shown me that the unreasoning and unreasonable severity of home discipline is the readiest way, first to deception, then to hypocrisy, and then to uncurbed license. Tell me that a child has been brought up *very strictly*, so that love is almost banished from his heart, and there needs no great prescience to guess what will follow. *Verbum satis sapienti.*

CHAPTER XX.—I HAVE ANOTHER SECRET THRUST UPON ME.

I REMAINED staring out of the window after Marmaduke left, and watched him as he scampered over the green-sward of the park towards the child whom he "liked better than anybody else in the whole world." Judging from what followed, the liking was mutual, for the next thing I noticed was little Sophy running to meet the boy, and throwing her arms round his neck in an apparent ecstasy of delight; and then, forgetful of his previous hurry, and of his promise to introduce me to the gamekeeper's little granddaughter, Marmaduke drew her aside, and quietly seated himself by her on the grass, under a broad spreading tree.

"A pretty pair of them, aren't they, now?" said Mrs. Storks, who was looking out at the window, over my head.

They were a pretty pair, certainly, and would have made an interesting painting. I have already described Marmaduke as a remarkably handsome boy; and I was

near enough to see that his child-companion was a very lovely girl, with blooming cheeks and bright auburn locks, which waved gently in the warm autumn air. Presently, when we were yet nearer together, and she shyly turned away from me, as from a stranger, I could not help thinking her the prettiest little damsel I had ever seen, with her deep blue sparkling eyes, and rosy lips, and dimpled chin, and laughing glances. She was not more than seven years old at this time, and she looked as though sorrow could scarcely find a lodgment in her light and happy heart.

Sophy Tindall had known one sorrow, however; for, like myself, she was motherless; and the shadow of another was yet hanging over her, for she was almost worse than fatherless—so dame Storks mysteriously and confidentially informed me as I still stood watching the "pretty pair" from the kitchen window. It was not till long afterwards that I knew so much of her history as that the mother had been deserted by her husband in the early infancy of the child, and had sought refuge in her father's house, soon to die, broken-hearted. I shall not dwell upon this story now.

Marmaduke lingered some time with his little play-fellow in the park, and when they came in together he was in haste to leave the cottage; so I had little opportunity for making acquaintance with the pretty child, if I had wished to do so.

"We'll go home now," said Marmaduke, gloomily, as we left the gamekeeper's door; and then he relapsed into his chronic taciturnity, which was not broken till we were fairly out of the green lane. Then he spoke.

"I say, Hurly—honour, you know."

"What do you mean, Marmaduke?"

"Don't you let out where we have been."

"Why not?" I asked, innocently.

"Why not, stupid? Didn't I tell you that my mother can't bear the Storks?"

"Why can't she bear them?"

"How should I know? 'Twas something about my father, I reckon, before I was born. But what does that matter? You are not to tell about having been there, mind."

"Doesn't your mother know that you go to see them?" I asked, fencingly. For, though I had no intention of betraying Marmaduke, I rather winced at being made the depositary of another dark secret. There were two burdening my mind already; for, first, as my readers may remember, I had been charged by Mr. Falconer not to tell my grandfather of William Bix's visit to Silver Square; and, next, I had been commanded by William Bix not to mention to Mr. Falconer our meeting and conference near Wingham. And now to have another perilous secret added to these was more than I could very well bear. I had not asked to be taken into anybody's confidence, and why should that confidence be thrust upon me? All these thoughts, or something like them, passed through my mind when I asked my last question, to which Marmaduke replied, curtly enough—

"She know! No, she don't know. I should think not. So mind, you are not to say anything about it."

"But suppose your mother asks me where we have been?" I objected.

"How can you tell anybody where we have been, when you don't know a place about here?" argued Marmaduke.

"But she may ask me if we have been in anywhere," said I.

"And can't you say we haven't, stupid?" said he.

Very reluctantly I replied that I could say so, of course, but I didn't like to tell a lie.

"You would do it for yourself, I reckon, Hurly," rejoined Marmaduke, with an air of great innocence. "But I dare say you won't be asked anything. I shall tell my mother that we have been as far as the windmills; and if she asks you, mind you tell her the same."

I agreed at last to do this; and with a guilty conscience I walked on by Marmaduke's side, glad enough, when we reached his home, to hear no questions asked. How Mr. Falconer and Mrs. Tozer had passed the two or three hours of our absence I never knew—more agreeably I suspect, however, than on our former visit, as they appeared to be on tolerably good terms with each other; and I have nothing more to say on this score, save that the dinner hour passed away pleasantly enough, and that Marmaduke shrunk within his shell, like a frightened snail, as usual.

But a new surprise was in store for me. In pursuance of his design of making his two *protégés*, namely, Marmaduke and myself, better acquainted with each other, Mr. Falconer had contrived, while we were absent in the morning, that I should be invited to spend a week at the widow's house, while he extended his journey to the coast towns, which he wished to visit. I am not sure that this arrangement was altogether agreeable to me, for I had strange misgivings respecting the treatment I might receive. As, however, the lady gave me the invitation with some degree of cordiality, and the gentleman willed that it should be so, I had only to submit.

"You will be very happy, I have no doubt, Hurly," said Mr. Falconer, as he parted from me that evening; and he heaved a sigh as he spoke.

CHAPTER XXII.—ON THE LAST DAY OF MY VISIT I MEET WITH AN ADVENTURE AND AM PUT TO THE QUESTION.

How the week of my visit was spent in Mrs. Tozer's house is not at all worth recording. It is enough to say that, though I was not quite so happy as Mr. Falconer evidently expected me to be, I was not very miserable. The lady did not take much notice of me, certainly; but she was not unkind, nor even uncivil; and she gave her son more liberty than usual, in order that we might amuse ourselves together. That Marmaduke made use of this unwonted liberty in paying daily stolen visits to the gamekeeper's cottage, and that, on our return from these visits, he accounted to his mother for the time of our absence, so as to conceal his disobedience, may be understood. I pass over all this to arrive as quickly as possible at the last day of my sojourn in that lady's house.

As usual, Marmaduke and I started off on our after-breakfast walk, and proceeded towards his favourite place of resort, not, however, by the road I have already mentioned, but in an opposite direction, which took us first of all into the park, and then by a circuitous route conducted us to the park front of the cottage.

"It isn't so safe to go always the same way," said Marmaduke, who seemed so long to have practised deception upon his mother that it had become a second nature. "If I was to go always the same way," he added, "she would be asking me all sorts of questions, you see."

"Hadn't we better not go there at all, to-day?" I said, feebly. I had learned by this time how deep was Mrs. Tozer's dislike to the gamekeeper and his wife: whether this dislike were reasonable or unreasonable it was not for me to judge; but I was able to guess what the consequences would be to Marmaduke, at any rate, if our visits to the cottage should be discovered. At the same time I had begun to share in my companion's liking for little Sophy and her chatty, good-humoured

grandmother, and should have missed this last opportunity of bidding them good-bye.

"You needn't go if you don't want to go," said my friend; "you can wait here, and I will come back to you when I have been; only you told granny you would see her again before going away."

"Oh, if you go, I'll go too," said I; and so we walked on. Before we reached the cottage, however, we were startled by hearing our names shouted from behind, in a childish voice; and on looking round we perceived little Sophy running after us with all her might, and beckoning for us to stop.

She had been so frightened, she said. She had been up to the great house (by the way, Sophy's journeys to the "great house" were very frequent, for she was a favourite with the ladies there)—she had been to the great house, and was returning through "that corvet" (*Angliè*, covert), and she pointed to a tolerably extensive belt of thicket through which a pathway to the house ran, when she was stopped by a man—oh such a big, ugly man—who caught her up in his arms and kissed her twenty times. "Twenty times and more, the nasty, ugly man, he did!"

"What sort of man was he?" I asked. But the little damsel could give no better description of him than that he was big and ugly, and had black hair all over his mouth and chin.

"I'll go and find him," I said, starting up, and running towards the "corvet," which was distant about a couple of hundred yards, probably. And, though Sophy called me back in terror, and Marmaduke bade me not be silly, I was soon out of their hearing.

"Black hair all over his mouth and chin, had he?" thought I to myself. "That's my wicked uncle, William Bix; and I'll ask him what he means by frightening Sophy like that." The resolution was a doughty one, certainly; but I had no opportunity of proving to myself how brave I could be; for, though I arrived at the "corvet," and penetrated through it, no person was to be seen; and, as my courage soon cooled down, I was not sorry to return to Sophy and Marmaduke with a report that the man had disappeared.

This adventure had taken up some time, however; and some extra time was taken up as well, when we arrived at the gamekeeper's cottage, in telling Dame Storks how shamefully little Sophy had been frightened. And then, as the old gamekeeper himself happened to come in while we were there, we had to repeat our story to him. I was not sorry to see that he did not think much of it when we had finished our tale, for he said, "Is that all?" and laughed; adding, that he supposed the ruffian (as Marmaduke, in his indignation, termed the invader of Sophy's pretty cheeks) could not resist the temptation presented by them, and didn't mean anything more than friendliness; but that he (old Storks) would blackbeard him, if he ever caught him in the park or out of it. I was, on the whole, I repeat, rather glad that the adventure had taken this turn; for, as my indignation blew off, I did not want my uncle William (supposing him to have been the stranger) to be exposed; and I determined also to keep my own counsel. So, here I was, with another secret—one of my own—on my mind, in addition to the three which already burdened it.

But, what with these lengthened explanations, and the time it took to laugh off Sophy's terrors, it was nearly an hour beyond the usual time of our return from these morning strolls before we reached home. And, by reason of this delay, I found that I had narrowly missed meeting Mr. William Bix in his disguise;

for we were informed by Marianne Bolster—with whom, by the way, I had become tolerably familiar—that in our absence the quack doctor had called, and that her mistress had bought a lot of physic of him, thus proving his previous prediction to me to be true. It was quite as well, perhaps, that I escaped the rencontre, especially as Marmaduke, directly he heard the small servant's description of Mr. Le Grand, jumped to the conclusion that he and Sophy's persecutor were one and the same. This was whispered to me secretly, of course, with a trembling caution, which I did not need, to "keep my mouth shut about Sophy and all the rest of it." One good result of the quack's call seemed to be that we were not to be interrogated by Marmaduke's mother respecting our morning's peregrinations. But in this we were mistaken.

"Where did you go this morning, Marmaduke?" asked the lady, in the course of the afternoon.

"In the park," said the boy, in the boldest tone in which he ever addressed his mother, which was anything but bold.

"And who did you see there?" she wished to know.

"Nobody, ma'am."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes, ma'am; we saw old Storks, the game-keeper, didn't we, George? He was going home across the park. He had been shooting, I should think; for he had his gun over his shoulder."

"Um! and you went to the windmills yesterday, I think you told me. You have been to the windmills a good many times since George Burley has been here, have you not? You wretched boy," she added, sternly, turning to Marmaduke, "it is not enough for you to try to deceive, but you must teach others to do so too. Do you think I do not know where you have been every day this last week? Do not answer me, sir, but go to your own room."

The boy did not move. He seemed positively paralyzed by dread.

"Go," she repeated, yet more sternly, and stamping her little foot on the floor. "You are your father's own son," she went on, speaking bitterly; "and you give me cause to be thankful that you are my only living child."

How uneasily I sat on my chair when I found myself alone with Mrs. Tozer, I need not say. Apparently, however, she did not share in my uneasiness; she took no notice of me, but replaced her green spectacles, and resumed some needlework she had previously laid down.

I could bear it no longer. I timidly stole up to her, and begged her, very pathetically I have no doubt, very earnestly and sincerely I am sure, to forgive Marmaduke "this once, just this once."

The lady went on quietly with her work, and I ventured to look into her face. No gleam of relenting reached me through the green spectacles.

"I shall punish him," she said, in a cold, measured tone. "I shall flog him to-morrow, after you are gone."

I slunk away in despair. After that I knew no pleading would avail.

"You had better go and amuse yourself in the garden," she said to me presently; and I went, glad to escape from her presence.

I shall not prolong this part of my story. I have only to say that I saw no more of Marmaduke that day, till I went to bed and crept in by his side, when I found him sobbing and bemoaning his hard fate, and repeating his threat of running away; that the domestic atmosphere was not at all cleared in the morning; that, soon

after breakfast, the welcome face and voice of Mr. Falconer came to deliver me from that terrible and gloomy house; that my last glance at Mrs. Tozer's imperturbable countenance proved that her determination was unmovable; and that, in our walk towards the pleasant Wingham "Lion," after our farewells were spoken, I fancied I could almost hear the shrieks of the agonizing boy.

I dared not venture to tell my good friend Mr. Falconer the cause of my dulness, which he was fain to attribute to regret at leaving such kind friends behind; and he good-naturedly strove to raise my spirits, as we walked on, by describing the places he had seen since we parted. In due time we arrived at Wingham, where I found post-horses ready to be put to our carriage, which presently whisked us off to Canterbury, and thence to London. We reached Silver Square late that night; and after another busy week spent in London, Mr. Falconer and Alphonse started off to their Continental home. From this time, nothing material to my history occurred for nearly three years, at the end of which time I was thirteen years of age.

COUNT BISMARCK.



COUNT BISMARCK is certainly one of the most conspicuous men, not of Prussia merely, or even of the whole of Germany, but of Europe. Whatever opinion may be hereafter come to in respect of the rectitude or wisdom of his policy, sentiments are not divided as to its conspicuous prominence. Bismarck, perhaps, next to the French Emperor, is, at the time when we write, the most public man in Europe, wherefore our readers may naturally expect that we should offer some particulars of his birth and political career.

Karl Otto von Bismarck Schönhausen, now Prussian Prime Minister, was born in 1813, in Brandenburg, and consequently is now in his fifty-third year—a time of life when a sufficient maturity of experience, coming in aid of intellectual powers not yet dimmed, makes the possessor better adapted, possibly, to diplomatic and

statesmanlike efforts than he was in earlier, or will be in later life. The subject of our memoir, after studying jurisprudence at Göttingen, Berlin, and Greisswald, and passing the examination relative thereto, retired to the country, and applied himself to the management of his estates in the commune of Jerichowers. At the Landtag, or States meeting, he represented his class; but Bismark did not become known to Europe, hardly to Prussia, as a political character until the year 1847, when, at a certain meeting of the Landtag, he declared himself to be the chief of the extreme right, or, as one might say for the guidance of British readers, the most stern and uncompromising of Tories. During the second constituent assembly, or Landtag, convened in the memorable year 1848, Count Bismark made himself conspicuous by his energetic protests against the representative system. He then launched invectives against democracy, invectives that goaded certain members of the so-called "popular party" to a hatred of Count Bismark and his policy that words but faintly express. Count Bismark has enemies, some unscrupulous, as recent events have made apparent; but not even the most unscrupulous of them will now or hereafter dare to say that Count Bismark was a covert enemy to democratic tendencies. In respect to these he has never disguised the opinion dominant in his mind that a privileged soldiery intimately united with a still more privileged aristocracy are the only rational agents for their suppression. The scheme of action imposed by such sentiments is one that, if it seem objectionable, is, at least, intelligible; and, to do Count Bismark justice, he has never swerved from it. The feudal system, which received so rude a shock in France at the time of the great Revolution, and which this country tolerates under a mild and subdued form, recognising its provisions as hardly according with the spirit of the age, Count Bismark would uphold absolutely.

Still tracing the political career of this celebrated man, we find him occupying, in 1851, the post of Secretary of Legation on behalf of Prussia at the Frankfort Federal Parliament. There he signalized his presence by actively trying to diminish the predominance of Austria as a member of the Germanic federation. What he professed to claim was a position of equality for Prussia; but even at that date there were many, amongst European political lookers-on, who believed the real aim Count Bismark had in view was, not equality for the kingdom he represented, but *supremacy*; an opinion that many subsequent events, influenced by him, have tended to strengthen. At the period to which we refer Count Bismark pressed his views on the Frankfort Assembly in such a manner that he got into more than a lively altercation with the Austrian delegate to the same assembly, Count Rechberg. His hatred to Austria, or his desire to promote the supremacy of Prussia, whichever we may choose to call it, led him to give countenance to reactionary measures in Italy. In this matter he went to greater extremes than the Prussian cabinet would justify. His recall followed; but Bismark's talents were too valuable that, in times of so much political action, they should be permitted to lie dormant. Being accredited as Prussian Ambassador to Russia, we next find him at St. Petersburg, where it is said that, in the interest of Russia's aggrandisement, he laboured to bring about the union of that Government with France and his own country. If this view were entertained, it was void of positive result, as history now testifies. The next political occasion in which Count Bismark prominently signalized himself was that in which the military organization of Prussia was sought to be remodelled. The

point in debate, stated succinctly for British comprehension, was whether the Prussian military supplies should be voted by Parliament, or taken arbitrarily. If the latter, then the Crown might impose its own numerical limits to men and money; but if the latter, the Prussian army must accommodate itself to the proportions of voted thalers, silberpfennings, and kreutzers, the Prussian *£ s. d.* Had the parliamentary voice been sufficiently pronounced then, there is some reason to assume that the Crown would have preferred to act in a constitutional way. Inasmuch, however, as the Parliament and the Crown were at issue in respect to the sum to be voted for military uses, matters were brought to a crisis. The Junkerpartei, or Prussian High Tories, as an Englishman may call them, were for carrying things with a high hand, doing that which led a certain British king to discover that there was a weak part in the joints of his neck. Much debate followed, and the cabinet dissolved through the secession of Von der Heydt and Von Roon.

At this time Count Bismark was at Paris; but, being recalled thence, he formed a new cabinet, in which he reserved to himself the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, having the rank of Prime Minister conferred on him, not, as we know, after the practice of our own country in these matters. The debate upon the remodelling of Prussian military organization was now resumed with great acerbity; the Prussian Crown not being able to agree with the Prussian Parliament upon the very important matter of cash supplies. It was about this time that Count Bismark illustrated his temperament and principles by making the startling announcement that great questions were not to be solved by much speaking, but by "*Blut und Eisen*," which, rendered into plain English, means blood and cold steel. Had he spoken for a month continuously to convey a notion of his predominating sentiments, not relative to the Prussian military system only, but relative to things in general, he could not have left a clearer impression. The next development of Count Bismark's policy was seen in repressive edicts against certain Liberal Prussian newspapers; but the moderation sought to be inculcated on them found no place in the Prussian minister's own despatches. In one he threatens the Elector of Hesse for not showing the promised budget; in another he communicates to stately Austria the pleasing intelligence that, in case she (Austria) did not improve her relations with Prussia, she would hereafter find in Ofen a certain point of difficulty.

The Polish insurrection is the next event with which the political career of Count Bismark has to be associated. Soon after the quelling of that insurrection, he tried to establish a convention between his own country and Russia for keeping down revolution, thereby causing much displeasure both in Paris and in London. Meantime, as newspaper readers for some few years past are aware, the contest between Prussian Crown and Prussian Parliament goes on. On a not very remote occasion, when Crown and Parliament could not be made to pull harmoniously together, two notable politicians of the Prussian High Tory party came to the rescue: these were the Count Bismark and Count von Schwerin; the former enunciating the proposition that, whenever King and Parliament happen to differ, the King must have his own way; the latter maintaining that in Prussia, might, not right, had the upper hand, and should have. Events thicken in the political career of Count Bismark beyond the capacity of our space to hold recorded. How the parliamentary contest was kept up; how the Danish war was precipitated; how Count Bismark has sought

to bend the minor States of Germany to his interests : all these things are matters well known.

The real position of Count Bismark as to Germany and Europe at the time when this article must appear in print can only be speculated upon. This one conclusion, however, seems obvious; viz., that the "Blut und Eisen" precept will find more illustration than the philanthropic Christian could desire, on many an ensanguined war-field.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

IV.

We are on our way to Queen's College. It will be observed that we are not taking the colleges in their topographical grouping. The present cicerone and his party are in no hurry. There is no need to take them in their order and as quickly as possible: we take them at leisure, and examine each as most convenient. Stepping out of Merton, we just give a peep at little St. Alban's Hall, which nestles at its side. You might live in Oxford for years, and hardly be aware of the existence of this diminutive hall. A glance shows you its pretty little quadrangle and picturesque bell-tower. And, if only for the memories of some great men associated with St. Alban's Hall, you will like to take a look at it. Such men have belonged to it as Archbishop Whately, who gained some of his highest distinctions while Principal here; that fine Elizabethan dramatist, Massinger; the celebrated scholar, Elmsley; and Lenthall, perhaps the most famous of the Speakers of the House of Commons. We soon reach Queen's College, founded by Robert de Eglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa, from whom the college derived its name. An extract from one of Dean Stanley's works, "Memorials of Canterbury," will very pleasantly introduce us to the history and traditions of Queen's College:—"There, according to tradition, the Prince of Wales, her son—as in the next generation Henry v.—was brought up. If we look at the events which followed, he could hardly have been twelve years old when he became a member. . . . Queen's College is much altered in every way since the little Prince went there, but they still keep an engraving of the vaulted room he is said to have occupied. . . . You may still hear the students summoned to dinner, as he was, by the sound of a trumpet; and in the hall you may still see, as he saw, the Fellows sitting all on one side the table, with the head of the college in the centre, in imitation of the Last Supper, as it is commonly represented in the pictures. The very names of the head and of the twelve Fellows (the number first appointed by the founder, in likeness of our Lord and the apostles) are known to us. He must have seen what has long since vanished away: the thirteen beggars—deaf, dumb, maimed, or blind—daily brought into the hall to receive their dole of bread, beer, potage, and fish. He must have seen the seventy poor scholars, instituted after the example of the seventy disciples, and learning from their two chaplains to chant the service. He must have seen the porter of the college going round to shave the beards and wash the heads of the Fellows."

This ancient college has now entirely put on a modern guise. The ancient buildings have now entirely passed away, and only their record remains in the college archives. Yet the college well merits its name of Queen's College, for it has been a favourite of various queens. Queen Henrietta Maria, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte, are counted up as benefactresses. Queen Caroline's statue stands beneath the cupola, above the

central gateway. The present building is the work of Wren and of his pupil Hawksmoor, the architect of a few fine churches in London. Hall, library, and chapel are all remarkable in their way. The library is one of the best in Oxford, being greatly enriched by a somewhat recent benefaction of £30,000 by an old member of the college. The chapel is of an unusual kind of architecture, and supposed to have a resemblance to a basilica. It has a good deal of stained glass, and a richly-coloured ceiling, by Sir James Thornhill, representing the Ascension. The hall, as is usual with Oxford halls, is finely adorned with arms and portraits, and has a music-gallery at its west end. It has two windows rescued from the lodging of Henry v, and bearing portraits of him and Cardinal Beaufort. One of them records the circumstance in a striking Latin inscription. In the buttery is the founder's cup and a magnificent antique drinking-horn. One or two curious old customs are preserved in the hall. Every New Year's Day the college bursar presents to each member a needle and thread, coloured blue, red, and yellow, and says, "Take this, and be thrifty." This is "aiguille fil," a rebus on the founder's name. A still more remarkable scene occurs on Christmas Day. The hall at dinner-time is crowded with visitors, and the gallery above mentioned is sometimes crowded with hundreds of good Oxford townsmen. The usual blast of a trumpet proclaims the summons to dinner. Then two cooks, with white aprons and caps, appear, bearing aloft, that all may behold, a huge boar's head, the tusks gilded, and in its mouth a lemon, and the large pewter dish decorated with bay, holly, rosemary, and banners. They move in procession slowly up the hall. A singer of carols precedes them, who, touching the dish with his right hand, begins the "Boar's-head Song," a bass solo, with a chorus, which is taken up by two choristers from Magdalen and many of the junior members of the college. It is worth while putting down the quaint words of the song, a singular mixture of Latin and English, but tolerably intelligible to all readers:—

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, to be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

"The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland.
Let us servite cantico.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino.

"Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In reginensi atrio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes Domino."

There are some private residences in Oxford one or two of which have a degree of historical importance. Such is the fine old house in the corn-market, once known as the Crown Inn. Sir William Davenant was born here: his father kept the inn. Sir William Davenant was Shakespeare's godson, and Shakespeare himself used to frequent this inn. Aubrey says that Shakespeare, who "was wont to go into Warwickshire once a year, did commonly lye at the Crowne Taverne at Oxford, where he was exceedingly respected." Kettel Hall, in the Broad Street, is a very striking private residence, and was once one of the many halls with which Oxford abounded. It derives its name from its founder, Dr. Kettel, and succeeded one on the same site

which was called Perilous Hall, after its founder Dr. Perles. Dr. Kettel "was accustomed to attend the daily disputations in the hall of Trinity, where he sat with a black fur muff, and an hour-glass before him to time the exercise. One day, when Cromwell was in possession of Oxford, a halberdier rushed in, and, breaking his hour-glass with his halberd, seized his muff and threw it in his face. The Doctor instantly seized the soldier by the collar and made him prisoner, and the halberd was carried out before him in triumph."

In Johnson's *Life* we hear of him residing here for five weeks at a time. In the recently-published *Diary of the Right Honourable William Windham* there is a mention of Kettel Hall: "In my new lodgings at Kettel Hall, during the whole of my time of being here, I have felt strongly the share which place may have in determining the course and character of one's thoughts. All that it has done here has been for the better. My mind has been more gay, my thoughts more satisfactory; stronger impressions have been made; more of that has been felt which advances us, as Dr. Johnson says, in the order of thinking beings. . . . My enjoyment in my lodging continued, during the whole of my stay, equal to what I had reason to hope on my first entrance. The situation is the same, the distribution of the rooms, and the collegiate air which it still retained (its title also remains Kettel Hall), all made it a place of pleasant abode, and mark it out to be chosen in case of any future visit."

Frewen Hall is another remarkable building. You reach it up the passage which divides the premises of the Star Hotel from those of the Oxford Union Society. The Prince of Wales resided here during his residence in Oxford. In St. Aldate Street there are some curious old houses. One of these is believed to have been inhabited by Cardinal Wolsey while Christ Church was building; another was inhabited by the last Abbot of Oseney and the first Bishop of Oxford, before there was a bishop's palace (a very plain one) at Cuddesden.

Next we will go to Exeter College. This college has the largest number of members next to Christ Church, but it has hardly distinguished itself in proportion. Nearly everything about Exeter is modern. There have been so many alterations and additions that the whole now seems an entirely new construction. The west front is long and imposing, but the narrowness of the street, of which it forms a considerable proportion of one side, is against the full effect. The shops and dwelling-houses interposed between the Turl buildings and the Broad Street buildings are also a disfigurement; but these will, in course of time, all be probably done away with. Various pieces of picturesque architecture have been improved off the surface of Exeter College. The hall is a very fine one, the finest in Oxford next to Christ Church. The college has a very pretty private garden, in a corner of which is a large chestnut-tree, which is called Heber's tree, because it shadowed the window of the opposite room in Brasenose which Heber used to occupy. "Here, also, is 'Dr. Kennicott's fig-tree'; so called because, when the figs were ripe, to prevent any one taking them, Dr. Kennicott put a label on the tree, inscribed 'Dr. Kennicott's fig-tree,' which an undergraduate, coming afterwards and eating up all the figs, altered into 'A fig for Dr. Kennicott!'" (Murray). The college has a handsome library, rebuilt in 1856 by Mr. G. G. Scott, in the Early Gothic style. An enclosed cloister adjoining the Fellows' library is fitted up as a library for the undergraduate members. But the finest part of the college is unquestionably the beautiful chapel, certainly the finest modern structure in Oxford. This also is by

Mr. George Gilbert Scott. It bears a striking likeness to the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The new chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, which is rising at the expense of the late lamented Mr. Hoare, the banker, is exactly modelled after this. The bareness of the Sainte Chapelle, where religious service is celebrated only once a year, affords a very disadvantageous comparison with the beautiful and crowded interior of the chapel of Exeter College. It rises to a great height, with a fine eastern apse, and a grained stone vault and arcades. It is recorded that a very large portion of the necessary expenses were defrayed by men "who came originally to this college with slender patrimonies, but who, by the bounteous munificence of founders and benefactors in past generations, have had the advantage of such endowments as have enabled them in after-life to win for themselves an honourable position, and a decent, if not an affluent, maintenance." We shall do well if we here quote some wise words used by one of such on the occasion of the opening of this splendid chapel. They are words which should well be borne in mind while contemplating the splendid ecclesiastical structures with which Oxford abounds, words which all Oxonians would do well to lay to heart. "Vain are all the rarest gifts of stone, and marble, and alabaster, vain all the cunning devices of the craftsman's hand, vain all the lavish expenditure of the most abounding wealth, if the heart of the offerer go not with the gift. Let the house which men erect to God's glory be as magnificent as it may, he setteth greater store upon the temple of the heart of each individual man, wherein he dwelleth by his blessed Spirit. Better to worship in the plainest barn, with the full outpouring of the heart to God, than in the most gorgeous cathedral ever raised by the skill of mediæval architects, if only the sense of beauty finds its satisfaction there, and the heart and the life are estranged from God in Christ. . . . The worship of the sanctuary is meaningless without the worship of the life."

New College is next on our list; a singular name as belonging to a foundation which has been five hundred years in existence. Every college in turn has been called New College. This was the noble work of William of Wykeham, when he had been so high in the favour of Edward III that Froissart says everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him. Most of the buildings remain as the founder planned and left them. In the warden's lodgings there is a remarkable portrait of the founder which Sir Joshua Reynolds thought was original. The cloisters are very remarkable, occupying the site of three ancient halls. They were consecrated as a burial-ground in the year 1400 by a bishop of Dunkeld. There are still an old pulpit, and the remains of an original stone high altar. The space is flanked with cypresses, and there is a remarkable ribbed roof resembling the bottom of a boat. In the civil wars the royal military stores were kept here. In the interesting audit-room some very ancient records are preserved, also college seals, pictures of saints, ancient plate and jewels, the founder's jewelled mitre, etc. New College abounds with the recollections of illustrious men; many of their portraits, as usual, grace the hall, the latest of them being that of Lord Chief Justice Erle. Other illustrious members are Chichell, Waynflete, Bishop Ken, Bishop Lowth, Archbishop Howley, Somerville, Pitt. The relation between New College and Winchester School is very much the same as between King's College, Cambridge, and Eton. The University Commission has, however, effected very great modifications.

"He who visits New College for the first time," says

the Rev. J. W. Burgon, " may be somewhat disappointed by the narrow lane through which he approaches it, if he has expected an imposing external *façade*; but our forefathers built in a different spirit from ourselves. They contrived a lowly portal, reserving their best

Joshua Reynolds supplanting what must have been of infinitely greater interest. The organ also looks as if it had been absurdly contrived to enclose that design as in a frame; but, strange to relate, it was erected of its present shape a full century earlier, having been intro-



NEW COLLEGE.

attractions for the interior; and well did they know how to charm the soul which they had first caused to enter by that gate of humility. Let not, however, the exquisite statues of the angel Gabriel, the Blessed Virgin, and the founder himself, which surmount the gateway of New College, pass unnoticed. Then let the stranger enter, turn to the left, and be told that the little feathered angel which he discovers in the wall (the model of those at Magdalen College) formerly held in his hands a scroll, inscribed 'Hic est Domus Dei, Porta Coeli.' He should then inspect the cloisters; and dull of heart must he be if their religious silence and solemn beauty do not affect him. Many an interesting inscription awaits him here, on the pavement, and on the walls. He should also notice the striking outline which presents itself to one emerging from the open door on the west side of the cloister. Then let the chapel be visited, and the musical proportions of the ante-chapel from the entrance at the south-west corner be duly recognised. He will be struck by the venerable remains of painted glass, coeval with the founder, and with the ancient brasses which strew the floor. He will then enter the choir, and should be careful to coast along the north side, that he may be spared the sight of the painted glass which disfigures the windows above him. Those on the south are of a superior order; the colours are vivid, and the general effect highly agreeable. Arrived at the east end, good taste is offended, by discovering that the western window has fallen a sacrifice to the barbarous taste of the last century; a design of Sir

duced into the college in 1661. At this juncture it is some consolation to be shown Wykeham's pastoral staff, which is preserved in this part of the chapel. It is of silver-gilt, exquisitely wrought, and curiously enamelled; being, perhaps, the most gorgeous relic of the kind in existence. The general form is very elegant. The figures are admirable in point of character, while the ornamental details are in the best style of what is generally considered the best period of mediæval art. The whole was made admirably effective by the skilful introduction of enamel and jewels."*

The gardens of New College may, upon the whole, be considered the finest in Oxford. They are surrounded by the old city wall, which the college, by covenant with the founder, is bound to keep in repair. On the top is an "alure," or walk, with parapets, bastions, and loopholes for arrows, a very interesting example of ancient fortification. In the Civil Wars it was fortified, and employed both by Royalists and Parliamentarians. In gilt, on the ancient gateway, is the armorial sentence, "Manners makyth man." There is a mound in front of the gateway, covered with shrubs, which is considered a great ornament of the grounds. At the back of the college is a piece of ground, called the "Slip," or "Slupe," where are the stables and offices, commanding a picturesque view of the fine perpendicular tower, supposed to

* Mr. Burgon points out that for many interesting particulars he is indebted to the kindness of the Rev. J. E. Sewell, Fellow of New College, who is "as full of curious antiquarian information as he is willing to impart it."

have been Wykeham's last work, and the chapel. There is a dark story told of certain Protestant members of the College, who were imprisoned in this tower in the time of Henry VIII, and were allowed to die of cold and starvation.

A STAR ON FIRE.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

ABOUT the middle of May 1866 astronomers were startled by the announcement that a new star of considerable brightness had suddenly burst forth in the constellation Corona Borealis (the Northern Crown). Its increase of magnitude must have been extremely rapid, for on the 9th of May an observer, who was occupied on that day in scrutinizing that portion of the heavens, felt certain that no object comparable to it was visible. On the 12th, three days afterwards, the star shone with the brilliancy of one of the second magnitude, or equal to the three well-known stars in the belt of Orion. The important results obtained from the observation of this truly extraordinary astronomical object are sufficient reasons for our giving a brief and popular account of its short history, which we are sure will be duly appreciated by the scientific readers of "The Leisure Hour."

The first person who appears to have noticed this new variable star was Mr. J. Birmingham, of Tuam, Ireland, who observed it on May 12. Subsequently it was seen, on the 13th, at Rochefort, by M. Courbebaisse, and on the same day at Athens, by M. Schmidt; on the 14th it was noticed at London, Canada West, by Mr. Barker, and on the 15th at Manchester, by Mr. Baxendell. These observers saw it independently, without any previous notification. Attention being now drawn to the star, it has since been regularly observed, either for position, or for the inquiry into its physical constitution, at most of the public and private observatories in Europe and America. Its brightness rapidly diminished after discovery, but probably not in the same ratio as it had increased before. The relative magnitudes, determined by comparison with neighbouring known stars, are as follows:—

May 12	...	2 magnitude.
" 15	...	3.5 "
" 19	...	4.8 "
" 21	...	6.7 "
" 24	...	7.8 "
" 30	...	8.8 "

Very little change had taken place from May 30 to June 22. On the evening of the latter day the magnitude was reckoned as the ninth.

M. E. Quetelet, of Brussels, has remarked that the star, when viewed by the naked eye, decidedly twinkled much more than the other stars near, so much so at times that its variations rendered the observations of its relative brightness extremely difficult.

So far, this discovery would not probably have attracted any greater attention than that of any ordinary variable. The new star would most likely have been followed very closely only till the extent and period of its variability were satisfactorily established. Of such objects, the firmament contains many extraordinary examples; stars which appear for a season, and then disappear, again reappearing, performing in the meantime all their changes of brightness with perfect regularity. While there are some which complete their period in days, there are others occupying months, or perhaps years, between the intervals of maximum magnitudes. If our new star had been, therefore, simply one of this class, interesting though it might have been from the abruptness of its first appearance, it would

merely have added one to the list of those known variables which are to be found scattered here and there amongst the fixed stars.

But astronomical observations have unfolded other properties peculiar to this star, giving us an insight into a physical composition sensibly different from that of others around it. This has been attained from the observation of its spectrum, as viewed through a spectroscopic telescope attached to an astronomical telescope. In a paper inserted in "The Leisure Hour," No. 532, a brief account is given of the experiments of MM. Kirchhoff and Bunsen on the dark lines in the solar spectrum, in connection with those contained in the spectra of certain vapours produced by the burning of different kinds of metals or gases. What these celebrated chemists did towards our present knowledge of the composition of the solar photosphere, several astronomers and chemists are now doing a similar work towards increasing our knowledge of the composition of stellar and nebulous light. Our new star was, therefore, soon seized upon as a proper object for inquiry; with what result we shall speedily see.

On looking at an ordinary star through a spectroscopic telescope, its spectrum is seen with transverse dark lines across it, similar to Fraunhofer's lines in the solar spectrum. Some of these lines are common, or nearly so, in most stellar spectra; while each star has generally, in addition, its own peculiar dark lines. This would seem to show that, whereas certain metals or gases are indicated as being present in the majority of stars, each one contains materials peculiar to itself.* Now this marvellous star in Corona Borealis, which has so astonished us all, has not only the ordinary stellar spectrum with the dark lines across it, but there is also a second spectrum, apparently superposed upon the other, in which four or five bright lines have been observed. Mr. Huggins, who has devoted his whole astronomical attention to this class of observation, has, in conjunction with Dr. W. A. Miller, concluded that the light of the star is compound in its nature, and that it has really emanated from two different sources. Mr. Huggins remarks that "each light forms its own spectrum. The principal spectrum is analogous to that of the sun. The portion of the star's light represented by this spectrum was emitted by an incandescent solid or liquid photosphere, and suffered partial absorption by passing through an atmosphere of vapours existing at a temperature lower than that of the photosphere. . . . The second spectrum, which in the instrument appears on the one already described, consists of five *bright lines*. This order of spectrum shows that the light by which it was formed was emitted by matter in the state of gas rendered luminous by heat." Independent observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, principally by Mr. Stone and Mr. Carpenter, and at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, by MM. Wolf and Rayet, gave results confirmatory of those made by Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller.

Such, then, is a brief account of the analysis of the light emitted from this temporary, but brilliant visitor to our sky; showing, with little doubt, that, from some unknown cause to us, it must have been the subject of a terrible catastrophe at a period perhaps distant; for it must be borne in mind that, owing to its immense distance from us, we may be only witnessing the calamity of a past age. From the sudden blazing forth of this

* As an illustration of their composition, we may state that the spectrum of Aldebaran contains lines which indicate the presence of hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, mercury, tellurium, bismuth, antimony, and iron.

star, and then its rapid fading away, Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have suggested that, in consequence of a great internal convulsion, probably a large quantity of hydrogen and other gases were emitted from it; "the hydrogen, by its combination with some other element, giving out the light represented by the bright lines, and at the same time heating to the point of vivid incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere. As the hydrogen becomes exhausted, all the phenomena diminish in intensity, and the star rapidly wanes." That hydrogen gas in a state of combustion was present is very probable; for, by comparing simultaneously the bright lines of the stellar spectrum with those of hydrogen produced by the induction spark, taken through the vapour of water, it was found that two of the lines sensibly coincided. During a discussion on this star, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, on June 8, the Astronomer Royal expressed his firm belief that this wonderful object was actually in flames.

The previous history of this burning star is very slight. Sir John Herschel, in mapping the stars in this region, some years since, appears to have inserted one which cannot be found at present. It does not, however, agree precisely in position with the present object. But, after all, though it has been only lately shining equal to a star of the second magnitude, it is really not a new one, but is identified as the same as a very minute object of the ninth or tenth magnitude, observed by M. Argelander, of Bonn, on the 18th of May, 1855, and on the 31st of March, 1856, its exact position, which accords with that determined from recent observations, being inserted in one of his published catalogues.

If we were inclined to speculate on this unique astronomical phenomenon, or on the probable consequences arising from such a sudden outburst of fiery gas, what an extensive subject for contemplation is opened to us. Astronomically we have known this minute star for years without suspicion; it has been classified with others of similar magnitude; it has only been one of many millions of such: while now it will be remembered by all future generations as one of the most extraordinary among the most celebrated stars of the universe. Or let our speculations be carried a little further, and let us reasonably suppose this small, and hitherto nearly invisible object to be an immense globe like our own sun, surrounded probably with planets and satellites depending upon their centre for light and heat. What would be the effect of this sudden conflagration on them? It makes one almost shudder at the idea of a system of worlds being annihilated at once without warning. But such must doubtless be the fact. We, however, in this quiet world of ours, can scarcely, perhaps, realize such a catastrophe; but were our sun, which is only a star analogous to those in the heavens around us, to be suddenly ignited in a similar manner to this distant and unknown sun, all its attendant planets and satellites, the earth included, would be destroyed.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF JEWISH CUSTOMS.

VII.—THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

The day of atonement (called Yom Kippur in Hebrew) is the most important festival in the Jewish calendar. Its momentousness and solemnity are insisted upon in various passages of the Bible. Thus, in Lev. xxiii. 27, 28, we read, "Also on the tenth day of this seventh month (i.e., about September or October) there shall be a day

of atonement: it shall be an holy convocation to you; ye shall afflict your souls . . . and ye shall do no work on that same day." It is also called the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," and the dread punishment for its non-observance is "to be cut off from among the people." When the sanctuary was standing in the wilderness, and the temple established at Jerusalem, the day was solemnized by peculiar sacrifices. It was the only occasion when the high priest entered the holy place within the veil, before the mercy-seat, and there, standing in communion with the Most High, made atonement for himself, for his household, and for all the congregation of Israel. Though at the present time the Jews have lost their temple, and are without an anointed high priest, the day has lost none of its significance to them. It is solemnized by abstaining from all food and bodily enjoyment from "even to even," and by spending the whole day—upwards of twelve hours—in the synagogue, engaged in devout prayer and meditation. That day does not fail to arouse even the most indifferent professor of Judaism out of his apathy; even he who desires to tread only on the very confines of Judaism at other times, enters into its sanctuary on this festival; nay, many who have altogether strayed from the fold, secretly and in awe bow before the dread day of atonement.

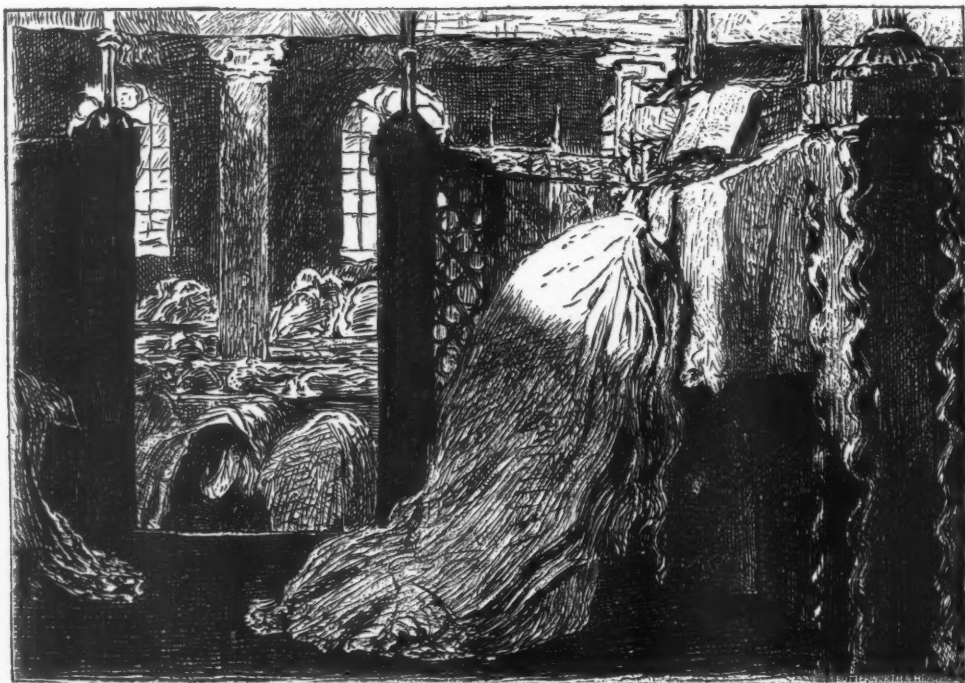
It is ushered in with every befitting solemnity. The nine days that precede it, together with that fast, are called the ten days of repentance (corresponding to the season of Lent), during which period the Israelite is exhorted to repent and confess his sins. The two first of these penitential days are called the days of remembrance (Lev. xxiii. 24), and form the commencement of the civil year, on which the cornet (*shofar*) is blown for the purpose of admonishing the sinner to return and repent, and to humble himself before the Supreme Being. "Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be terrified?" (Amos iii. 6). These days are also called the "awful," or rather, "awe-inspiring" days; the intermediate Sabbath, "the Sabbath of repentance," on which every minister feels it his duty to rouse his flock to the importance and necessity of penitence. Their object is duly to impress the mind of the worshipper with the sanctity and momentousness of the duty he has to fulfil on the day of atonement, to crave pardon and forgiveness from his Creator. On the eve of the Yom Kippur it is the custom to repair to the burial-ground, for the purpose of visiting the graves of the departed relatives, to arouse devout sentiments in the heart, to reflect on the nothingness of man, and the vanity of life, and to dwell with fervent resolves on the virtues and piety of the departed.

Towards evening, the last meal before the fast, called the meal of cessation, is partaken of, which must be finished before sunset, at about the same time as the Sabbath begins. After this, it is not lawful to eat or drink until the close of the service on the following evening.

And now an affecting scene presents itself in every pious Jewish household. All its inmates are prepared, dressed in their festival apparel—white, the emblem of purity, being the predominant colour—to repair to the house of worship. But before doing so, the children go to the parents to ask their forgiveness in case they have offended them. All the members of the family are supposed to have already become reconciled with any stranger whom they may have wilfully or unintentionally offended; for it is understood that the day of atonement grants forgiveness only for the sins of which one has been guilty towards his God. For those which he has committed against his neighbour, he knows that he can

only then be pardoned on high when the injured party has forgiven them. A fervent kiss of love is now interchanged between the child and its parents, who put their hands upon its head, imploring the blessing of heaven upon it, and praying that their supplications for

them characterized by extreme fervour and devoutness, are recited. As they are very little known, it may, perhaps, be interesting to our readers to give the commencement of the first supplicatory hymn on the morning of the day. It was composed by the Castilian R.



S. Solomon.

its welfare, to be offered up on the solemn day that is approaching, may be graciously accepted.

Every one now proceeds to the synagogue, when the service commences by the minister, in solemn, tremulous tones, imploring forgiveness from heaven for all the vows that during the past year may have been rashly made, and which have been neglected or forgotten, concluding with the words, "And it shall be forgiven to the whole congregation of the children of Israel, and the stranger who sojourneth among them; for all the people act ignorantly" (Numb. xv. 26). The plaintive tones of the melody to which those words are wedded, have always been considered as extremely thrilling and devotional. Non-Israelites who have been present have confessed that they could not restrain their tears.

The service lasts for about three hours, when the congregation retire to their homes, to reassemble early the next morning. The prayers of the day consist of penitential psalms, portions of the law that have reference to the day, appropriate selections from the prophets, such as the sublime address of Isaiah (chaps. lvii. and lviii.) on the true object of fasting: "For is such, then, the fast which I choose, that a man should afflict his soul for a day? Is it that he should bow down and bend his head like a bulrush, and spread sackcloth and ashes for his couch? But this is the fast which I do choose, to dissolve the bands of wickedness, to loosen the oppressive burdens, to let the oppressed free, and that he should break asunder every yoke." Various supplications, confessions, and hymns, selected from the compositions of the religious poets who flourished in Spain, Italy, France, and Germany during the Middle Ages, some of

Jehuda Halleir. It is written in rhyme and metre, but its beauties, and especially the Biblical spirit that pervades it, will be more apparent in a literal translation: "O Lord, all my desire is manifest to thee, though my lips do not express it. Thy mercy I implore, if but for a moment; thus let me die; and oh that my petition were granted! I would then commit the remnant of my life into thy hand, and rest, and sweet would be my sleep. For when I am far from thee I am in death whilst I yet live, but when I cleave to thee I have life even in death."

The most important and impressive part of the day's ritual is that in which the account of the Temple Service is recited. Each portion of the high priest's duties is carefully gone through. When the confession of sin he made is about to be read, the whole congregation rise from their seats, and join the minister in the words, "O God, I now acknowledge that I have sinned. I have committed iniquity, I have transgressed against thee, even I and my household. I beseech thee, by thy ineffable name, to pardon the sins, iniquities, and transgressions which I have committed against thee, even I and my household, as it is written in the law of thy servant Moses, 'For on this day shall he make an atonement for you, to cleanse you, that ye may be clean from all your sins before the Lord.'"

When the people who were crowding in the courts of the temple now heard the ineffable name, the Tetragrammaton, which was only on that day pronounced by the high priest, proceeding from his mouth, they kneeled and prostrated themselves; and this ancient custom is still followed at the present day, the whole congre-

gation ejaculating, "Blessed be the name of the glory of his kingdom for ever and ever."

It is this part of the service that is illustrated in the accompanying engraving. The foreground is occupied by the reading-desk, which stands on a platform in the centre of the synagogue, and where the minister is kneeling down. He is on that day arrayed in a white surplice, and his head is entirely enveloped in the Tallith (the prayer-scarf). The prostrate congregation are seen in the background. The service then continues, during which one or two discourses are delivered by the rabbi, who exhorts his flock on the duty of immediate repentance, and instructs them in the import of the day. At the conclusion, when night has set in, the final invocations, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord is one God, the Lord is one;" and the words, "The Lord, he is God," are offered up with a fervour unknown at other seasons; and the cornet is blown, both as a signal that the duties of the day are over, and in remembrance of the cornet which was to be blown on that same day when the year of jubilee commenced (Lev. xxv. 9). Brief evening prayers are then read, and the congregation disperse to their homes, to break their long and fatiguing fast, with the hopeful consciousness that the day has not passed away without exercising some salutary influence upon their spiritual life.

APOLLONIUS OF TYANA.

AN advertisement has of late been extensively inserted in the newspapers, to the following effect:—

"A new book for 'Advanced Thinkers.' Apollonius of Tyana, the Pagan or False Christ of the Third Century. An essay by Albert Reville, D.D., friend and literary associate of Professor Renan, and Pastor of the Walloon Church in Rotterdam. Authorized translation.

"*.* A most curious account of an attempt to revive Paganism in the third century, by means of a false Christ. The principal events in the life of Apollonius are almost identical with the Gospel narrative. Apollonius is born in a mysterious way, about the same time as Christ. Like him, he goes through a period of preparation; afterwards comes a passion, then a resurrection, and an ascension. The messengers of Apollo sing at his birth, as the angels did at that of Jesus. He is exposed to the attacks of enemies, though always engaged in doing good. He goes from place to place accompanied by his favourite disciples; passes on to Rome, where Domitian is seeking to kill him, just as Jesus went up to Jerusalem and to certain death. In many other respects the parallel is equally extraordinary."

This announcement will be read with some surprise by many who have never before heard of Apollonius; and such as have heard of him will wonder at the assurance which propounds as facts what are by no means anything but fancies. It may be useful and curious to compare what ancient history, or fiction, says, with what is now advanced.

Early in the third century one Philostratus wrote, at the request of the credulous empress Julia, a long account of what he called the life of Apollonius. Into this book he introduced whatever he thought would add to its attractiveness; but he pretended to rely very much upon some early memoirs. Unfortunately for his credit, there are extant only about three references to Apollonius prior to the date when Philostratus wrote his book; possibly there are only two. Lucian and Apuleius, two heathens, speak of Apollonius as a pretended magician, or conjurer, who trifled with popular

credulity. Some years later Origen mentions him as a magician. It is tolerably certain Apollonius was no false Christ of the second century; and it is a fact that no one ever advanced his name as the rival of Christ until Hierocles, about the beginning of the fourth century. Throughout the whole of the third century we never hear of him, even in this character; and, for anything we know, the London papers of 1866 first announce Apollonius to the world as "the Pagan or false Christ of the third century!" There is no author, Jewish, Pagan, or Christian, who in that century names him as a Messiah at all. Philostratus, who wrote his pretended life, never once mentions him as claiming or deserving any such character as the Messianic; it may therefore be set down as demonstrated that he was not the pagan or false Christ of the third century.

Apollonius, according to Philostratus, was born early in the first century, at Tyana. The fable goes on to say that, before his birth, his mother had certain ominous dreams, and that a flock of swans surrounded her, and sang in unison. These are, doubtless, the "messengers of Apollo," mentioned by the advertiser, and compared with the angels; there is no other intimation that Apollonius was born in "a mysterious way." At fourteen he went to school at Tarsus, and he went through the discipline ordained by the Pythagoreans, after which, in imitation of Pythagoras, he wandered about the world learning and teaching. From Syria he went to Babylon and Nineveh, and on to India, everywhere honoured and regarded as a prodigy. He subsequently went about Asia Minor and Greece, and on to Rome, where he was accused and imprisoned, but afterwards discharged. Philostratus says at one time that he "vanished from the tribunal," and at another, that he "went away," and appeared the same evening at Puteoli. The book goes on to tell us of his visit to Ephesus, where, by a sort of second sight, he saw the murder of Domitian at Rome. There, also, he announced his own speedy departure from the world, of which no definite record remains. "Concerning the manner of his death, if he did die," says Philostratus, "there are various accounts. Damis says not a word about it." This Damis is alleged to have been the personal companion and biographer of Apollonius, but he was on a mission to Rome when his master left the world. Some said the sage died at Ephesus; others, that he went into a temple of Minerva and disappeared, and some, that he entered a temple of Diana and disappeared. After this we are informed that a young man in a dream or vision beheld Apollonius discoursing on the immortality of the soul.

Such is the substance of the life of Apollonius as recorded by the only one who pretends to write it. It will require a little imagining to discover in it anything answering to what the advertisement presumes to call a passion, a resurrection, and an ascension. Even the fable about the swans, which do not sing, is a mere imitation from the poet Callimachus writing of the birth of Latona. That Apollonius was attacked by enemies while trying to do good is a very plausible supposition. But who were his followers? What was the impression he made upon the world? Where are the monuments of his wisdom and greatness? Damis, already mentioned, is represented as his faithful disciple, and he is brought into contact with several Roman emperors and kings in other lands; but it is a misfortune that we have not a fact or a line to support the assertion that Damis wrote anything, or that Apollonius even had an existence in the first century, to which he is assigned by Philostratus. In the second century after his birth he is

only mentioned twice, with marked contempt, and it is not till the third century that he comes full armed before us in the pages of Philostratus and those who borrowed from him. It took still another hundred years before Philostratus's work was put in comparison with the Gospels of Christ, and then by Hierocles, the willing agent of Diocletian in persecuting the Church with fire and sword.

Philostratus was engaged to write a book for a lady, who combined a good deal of curiosity with not a little credulity, and, as a clever man, he hit upon an ingenious scheme. Among the remarkable men who were born two centuries before him, he found one whose native place was the far-distant Tyana, in Cappadocia, and who had some fame as a conjurer and magician. There was a good deal of mystery about the man and his life, and, inasmuch as he professed himself a Pythagorean, it would be easy to manufacture out of him a second Pythagoras. To give zest and attractiveness to the story, it was desirable to spice and garnish it with some of the prodigies recorded of gods, demi-gods, and sages. And so Philostratus concocted a wonderful life, interspersing it with all the wise and prudent sentiments he could bring together. But, after all, the book is not a probable history. "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Pilgrim's Progress," is more specific and connected. That there was a man called Apollonius can be admitted; but it is all but demonstrable that the "Life of Apollonius" is a historical romance, a work of fiction, and nothing more. A volume which so swarms with notorious and palpable untruths runs no risk of being believed in our day; and as for its hero, nothing but the perverse ingenuity of antipathy to Christianity could exhibit him as the parallel or rival of Christ. He must be a very "advanced thinker" who can find "the pagan or false Christ of the third century" in a shadowy personage who is mentioned but twice during 200 years after his birth, and then only with contempt.

Early in the fourth century Hierocles compared the character and works of Apollonius with those of Jesus; but the absurdity of this was shown by Eusebius and other Christian writers, and the pagan world did not promote the calumny. About 1680 Blount, the Deist, sought to revive the notion of Hierocles, and since then it has been often alluded to. Happily the book of Philostratus is extant, and it is quite sufficient to account for the reports which have been circulated about the honours paid to Apollonius by some of the ancients. But what of this? The reader of Greek and Roman literature is quite aware that prodigies are of daily occurrence in it, and that men are worshipped as gods. It is much to be regretted that the names of Reville and Renan should be tied together in connection with what is either a most ignorant delusion or a most impudent attempt to deceive; for Apollonius was not the false Christ, or the pagan Christ of any century whatever. We have mentioned the leading facts, and we hope they will put some of our readers on their guard.

Original Fables.

HOW MUCH DEPENDS ON THE WIND.

"WHAT doddies they are!" said the crimson Clouds that margined the sea of molten gold in which the sun was setting.

"What doddies they are!" and they gazed triumphantly at the cold gray masses that moved heavily along the distant sky.

"Stay awhile," said the cold, gray Clouds; "you will soon find out that you are only what you are by accident. Let the sun go down, and we shall soon see whether you will be any

finer than we are. Remember, that, if the wind had been in another quarter, *we* should have been glorious, and *you* would have been the 'doddies!'"

NEVER MEET TROUBLES HALF WAY.

"WHAT a night we've had!" said a nervous young Rook, looking thin and scared, to an old one that sat swinging in a bough above him; and he replied, serenely—

"Roughish; but I've known much worse."

"Have you? how have you lived through them?" cried the young one, much excited. "I never slept all night; every moment I expected the dreadful crash to come, and to see my nest dashed to the ground, and my sweet family utterly destroyed!"

"Ah!" cawed the old Rook, quite unmoved by the tragic picture.

"If we should have such a night again to-night!—I tremble—I am quite dizzy with the thought. I declare to you I am so weak I can hardly fly; and the work of feeding my young is more than I can get through."

"What a pity!" said the old Rook, swinging with unaltered complacency.

"What *shall* we do, I say, if we have the same to-night?" cried the young one, in an agony.

"I shall do as I did last night," replied the old Rook; "and if you'll be advised by me, you'll do the same."

"What did you do?" asked the young Rook, anxiously.

"Why, I kept a sharp look-out while the wind lasted, and sat close in my nest, which, like yours, is well built and in a secure place; and when the wind fell I was very glad of it and went to sleep."

"Ay, but suppose the wind had risen again: that was what tormented me; the expectation was as terrible as the thing itself."

"Very likely; but when you've lived as long as I have, you'll know better than to look out for troubles; true wisdom lies in keeping strong for what *must* be, not in wearing yourself out for what *may* be. The wind will be sure to awake you whenever it comes, and if you mean to throw away sleep in expecting it, why, I think your children will often have to go without a dinner, and you may as well lose them by the tempest as starve them."

WHEN TO SPEAK FOR A FRIEND.

"How is it," said the Clouds to the Evening Star, "that while the sun is here, you are but a faint vapour-like spot on the clear blue sky; but no sooner is he gone than you shine out with a splendour that fringes us with silver as we pass you?"

"It is thus," said the Star: "when the source of all my glory is present, what need is there that I should testify to his light? It is when he is *absent* that I gratefully pour forth the rays I have received from him, showing to all how glorious he must be from whom they first issued."

ALL IN GOOD TIME.

A LITTLE Pearl lay hidden in the shell, and it mourned, for it heard that the divers had taken away many of its sisters, and it complained—"Why am I left in silence and darkness, while they are gazed on and admired?"

And while it mourned and complained it grew and grew in its undisturbed obscurity, receiving just as much light and matter as were needful to perfect it in size and purity, none seeing it, none knowing of it.

But, just as its lustre and form had reached the height of excellence, the divers came, and they took it, and it was made a royal ornament and dazzled a court.

"Ah!" cried the once complaining little Pearl, as she looked on her many once envied sisters, so inferior to her in costliness and beauty, "I see now how good it was to be left in solitude; if I had been taken with these, as I repiningly desired to be, I might indeed have been threaded, with many others, for a courtier's arm, but I should not have been raised to glisten on a royal brow."

THE DOG DICTATOR.

"I AM none of your mealy-mouthed, compromising fellows that are afraid of saying the truth," said a blustering, ill-tempered Dog, that could never let passengers go by in peace without a growl or a bark, intimating that they were in the wrong way. "I always speak my mind, and let people know my opinion."

"That would be all very good if they wanted to know it, and your mind were worth speaking," said another Dog; "but I rather think such is not considered to be the case, for generally those who don't pass you as if they hadn't noticed you, go by on the other side to keep out of your noise; now, perhaps, if you kept a little quieter, and didn't attempt to manage the whole street, you would be of some use, and pass for an honest guide instead of a noisy, quarrelsome puppy, full of yourself."

TIME TO LOOK OUT.

"DEAR friend, could you lend me one of your loose sticks? My nest wants repairing, and I've no time to hunt for timber this morning," said a Magpie to her neighbour.

"By all means," said the neighbour; and the Magpie, promising to return the next day, flew off with the stick.

"Could you lend me another stick?" she said the next morning; "the wind has damaged me in the night. I am not safe, and I have so much work to do in repairing, I've no time to look for timber."

The neighbour looked dubious, but after a little hesitation lent another stick, which the Magpie vehemently protested she would bring back with the other next morning.

"I am really ashamed to come!" she said, the third morning; "but could you lend me another stick? Somehow I have got out of order at home; and what with one thing and another, I haven't time to look for timber."

"Take it," said the neighbour, in no satisfied tone; and directly the Magpie had flown off, declaring louder than ever that she would repay all she owed with interest the very next day, she began to prepare for moving to a far distant tree. "It's all very fine," she said; "a stick is but a stick; but, if I don't cut this connection, I shall soon have to go about begging for sticks for myself."

THE PYRAMID.

"WHY should my breadth and space be at the bottom?" said the Base of the pyramid. "Surely that little, insignificant point ought to be under, and I, great as I am, should be above!"

So it rose, aspiring to reign over the summit; and the whole pyramid fell, and became a ruin.

"Build us up again," cried the Base. "I see now that strength and breadth were mine, not that I should subvert, but be beautified by the grace and dignity of the summit; and that our perfection, both of security and grace, consists in our retaining our true position."

GOOD IN YOUR PROPER PLACE.

"I don't know what the world could do without me!" said Fire to Water. "How I comfort! Look at me on the cottage hearth, where the labourer and his family gather round me in the hours of rest. And how I enlighten! See me kindling the student's taper in his midnight labours! And how I adorn! Look at the brilliant streets with their myriads of lights outshining the day. Look at the palaces and places of resort, dazzling in splendour! Truly I ought to govern the world."

"Friend," said Water, "two words to that; I should like to know what the world would do without me. Life could not be. Where would be refreshment and health? And as to ornament, was there ever a lamp or a firework to be compared with my cascades and waterfalls? It is I should govern the world!"

"Strange self-deception!" replied Fire. "Why, my good friend, valuable as you are, I admit, just think what you are when left to have your own way—inundations, destruction, death—whole districts covered, whole tracts devastated. No, no; you are not fit for a governor."

"I admire you!" replied Water, scornfully. "Why, if but a spark of you is allowed its own pleasure, houses are flaming, walls falling, people screaming, dying! Talk of devastation, indeed! Look at a great fire, and you'll see what the word means. A pretty sort of governor you would make!"

"Brothers!" said the Earth, "allow me to put you right. Excellent servants you both are; but, as is often the case with good servants, you would, either of you, make an intolerable master."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"How insufferably impudent she is!" said the old Goose, with her neck stretched out ever so far before her.

"Who?" inquired the old Sow, who was grazing with her young ones beside her.

"Why, the farmer's wife. Would you believe it? she told her servant this morning that she was as silly as a goose!" hissed the Goose.

"Ah! unpleasant to you, no doubt; but you might know geese are reckoned very silly. I don't think so much of that," said the Sow.

"Ah! don't you?" exclaimed the angry Goose; "then let me inform you that at the same time she told her she was as dirty as a pig!"

"Ho! did she?" cried the Sow; "as dirty as a pig! that's quite another case, and I agree with you: she is insufferably impudent!"

BETTER A LITTLE BITE THAN A GREAT DEAL OF BUZZING.

"I don't sting like a hornet," said a Fly, as it flew off the house-dog's nose when he snapped at it.

"I don't sting even like a wasp!" said the Fly again, settling on his ear, which he immediately shook.

"I am not so much as a venomous gnat, but perfectly harmless; then why are you so unkind to me?" said the Fly, settling again on his eyelid, half closed.

"Death to the whole pack of you!" said the Dog, getting up. "I don't care for a hornet; one can keep out of its way, or, if not, it is but one bite and have done with it; but there's no end of your torment of tickling, and whizzing, and buzzing, which is enough to destroy one's comfort, while its very insignificance makes it an evil unworthy of troubling one's self to avoid, and, indeed, almost impossible to meet."

HOW TO ESCAPE TEMPTATION.

"WHAT is to be done?" cried a tumultuous assembly of Mice, their eyes glittering, their whiskers trembling, and their tails quivering with agitation.

"Let us hear the case at length," said an old, sober member, who assumed the place of leader.

"It is this," cried a brisk, fiery-eyed young one, coming forward with great vivacity: "The cook, who never was fond of us, has of late taken the most violent antipathy to us, chiefly, I believe, on account of the large family that Mrs. Downy—indiscreetly, I must say—brought up in the flour-bin, having made a hole in the corner of it that she might effect her purpose. Well, owing to this, the destruction of our whole community is vowed. There are engines with iron teeth set close to our holes, which, nimble as we are, and sharp-sighted too, we have the greatest difficulty in avoiding. Then there are small apartments placed in our way, with the most fragrant delicacies—such as toasted cheese and frizzled bacon—at the open doors, through which you have no sooner entered for a taste than they close upon you, and there you are, ready for the cat! But still more dangerous is her last plan. She puts in every corner tit-bits that no mouse, unless gifted with the wisdom and sobriety of your worship, could pass; and—I tremble as I tell it—these are sprinkled over with some horrible stuff that brings on agonizing death immediately!"

The whole assembly shuddered. One told of his children, another of a mate, a third of some intimate friends who had fallen victims; and again the cry arose, "What is to be done?"

"I should suggest great care in passing by the enemy at the holes. Care and discretion seem to me to be all that we want," said one.

"And I suggest," said another, "that we exercise prudence: smelling everything well before we taste it, and not eating too much for fear of the consequences."

"And I," said a third, "advise that we practise self-denial. Surely we can look at these delicious morsels, enjoy their fragrance, and pass by them! Where is the mouse that is not equal to this?"

A murmur of praise ran through the assembly; but it was noticed that the gray old president sat unmoved, and looked very grave.

"May we know your worship's opinion?" said the chief speakers.

"Certainly," said the old Mouse, "It is this: care, and discretion, and prudence, and self-denial are fine things, and wanted always; but if you, my friends, wish to be safe—if you will take my advice—you will keep out of the dairy."

Varieties.

HENRY HALLAM AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Though habitually grave, the pleasant smile best became his features, and I do not think he was often guilty of audible laughter. The only occasion on which I can remember his giving way to so undignified a propensity was on a visit of the British Association to Lord Dudley's works at Dudley, from which a section of some score of members had to return on a wretchedly wet night, in the submarine hold of a huge barge illuminated by half a dozen "tallows," to their long-expectant lodgings. Of this memorable voyage Edward Forbes wrote an amusing metrical account. To beguile the time, a mock meeting of the Association was got up, and so exceedingly humorous was the discussion, that the gravity of Hallam, who took an amusing part in it, was fairly overcome, and he joined in the loud chorus of cachinnation extorted from the audience by the diversion of the hour. He generally enjoyed these annual parliaments of science, and enjoyed them much; and it was truly a treat to see the philosophic historian quite at home in all sorts of recreative excursions, or, especially, trudging in the train of a geological exploration with a satchel and hammer and in a workman-like costume, as if he had been a Sedgwick, Buckland, or Murchison. He might almost have been a "Red Lion."—*Men I have Known.* By William Jerdan. Routledge and Sons.

PERPETUAL CALENDAR.—Mr. J. Bond, one of the Keepers of the Public Records, has invented a Perpetual Calendar. It consists of two cards, one having the circle of the months; the other rotates in the centre, and on it are the seven dominical letters, A. G. F. E. D. C. B., fixed to their respective days of the week, according to the table given in the Act of Parliament 24 Geo. II. c. 23, and the Book of Common Prayer. This Perpetual Calendar will be useful to persons who have to deal with imperfectly-dated papers. If the day of the week, the day of the month, and some approximate date of any event are stated, the exact year can be fixed with certainty. To historical and general readers it will be satisfactory to have the power which is given by the Perpetual Calendar of easily fixing the day of the week to the date of any event; and, as a perpetual calendar, it is obviously useful to persons requiring an almanac for constant reference.—*Athenæum.*

SUNDAY LABOUR AND SUNDAY REST.—Without importing theological topics into the discussion, it may, we think, be assumed that the majority of persons in all classes would be sorry to see the Sunday deprived of those general characteristics which have so long marked it among us. How much we all owe to the observance of Sunday it would be difficult to estimate. In this city to great numbers of men it is an absolute necessity. It is probably the only institution which prevents work from becoming continuous. Such are the daily increasing demands of labour, that to many men, without this enforced break, life would become one perpetual whirl of occupation. The sudden change of thought, the universal break, the pause in every business, afford a refreshment to the mind scarcely less than that of sleep to the body, and give opportunities for family intercourse and for quiet reflection which it would be impossible otherwise to obtain. The artisan, above all, whose business does not follow him to his home, may spend a quiet day with his family in complete relaxation. We may be allowed to think that the day has had an influence on our national character, and contributed a sobriety, a steadiness, and a thoughtfulness to it which it would otherwise have wanted. With this feeling, we do not want, nor will the working men want, our Sunday to be turned into a mere holiday, marked by all the bustle and hurry and excitement of sight-seeing.—*The Times.*

THE DELUGE SCIENTIFICALLY EXPLAINED.—Colonel Sir Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, Chief of the Ordnance Survey, in the outline of a "Theory of Geology," communicated to the "Athenæum," ascribes important results to change in the position of the axis of the earth's rotation, or, as he terms it, evagation of the poles. "If," says Sir Henry James, "the earth were of uniform density, the poles would traverse the circle of evagation in 300 days, and if the density increases from the surface towards the centre, in about 320 days. These are mathematical truths. The poles, therefore, would reach their furthest distance from their original positions, and produce the greatest effects, at the end of 150 or 160 days. Amongst the many effects which would result from an

evagation of the poles, I stated that great debacles, or displacement, with more or less violence, of the waters of the seas would be produced, the continents overflowed, and nearly every living creature destroyed. Now it is a very remarkable fact, if we merely regard it as one of those curious accidental agreements we sometimes meet with, that the above-named periods agree as near as possible, if not precisely, with the period of the greatest elevation of the waters, and with the whole period of the Deluge described in the 7th and 8th chapters of Genesis. 'In the 600th year of Noah's life, in the 17th day of the second month, were all the fountains of the great deep broken up,' and the 'waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth,' and the mountains were covered,' and all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man.' 'And the waters prevailed upon the earth 150 days,' and the waters returned from off the earth continually, and after the end of the 150 days the waters were abated.' Josephus says, 'The water did but just begin to abate after 150 days, it then ceasing to subside for a little while.'—Ant. chap. 3. 'In the 601st year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth.' Allowing twenty-nine days to February, this would make the whole period of the Deluge exactly 320 days."

MRS. LIVINGSTONE, THE AFRICAN MISSIONARY'S WIFE.—In Dr. Livingstone's account of his second Zambesi journey of exploration, he thus refers, with touching pathos, to the great sorrow of his life. She died at Shupanga, on the Zambesi, April 27, 1862:—"A coffin was made during the night, a grave was dug next day, under the branches of the great baobab tree, and, with sympathising hearts, the little band of his countrymen assisted the bereaved husband in burying his dead. At his request, the Rev. James Stewart read the burial service; and the seamen kindly volunteered to mount guard for some nights at the spot where her body rests in hope. Those who are not aware how this brave, good English wife made a delightful home at Kolenberg, 1000 miles inland from the Cape, and as the daughter of Moffat and a Christian lady, exercised most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and, in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labours, was called to her rest instead. 'Fiat Domine voluntas tua.'"

PROGRESS OF POPULAR LITERATURE.—In the preface to the first edition of Miss Edgeworth's "Popular Tales," the following passages occur, which are worthy of attention as illustrating the wonderful progress in popular literature and in national education:—"Burke supposes that there are eighty thousand readers in Great Britain, nearly one hundredth part of its inhabitants! Out of these we may calculate that ten thousand are nobility, clergy, or gentlemen of the learned professions. Of seventy thousand readers which remain, there are many who might be amused and instructed by books which were not professedly adapted to the classes that have been enumerated. With this view the following volumes have been composed. The title of Popular Tales has been chosen, not as a presumptuous and premature claim to popularity, but from the wish that they may be current beyond circles which are sometimes exclusively considered as polite. The art of printing has opened to all classes of people various new channels of entertainment and information. Amongst the ancients, wisdom required austere manners and a length of beard to command attention; but in our days, instruction, in the dress of innocent amusement, is not denied admittance among the wise and good of all ranks. It is therefore hoped that a succession of stories, adapted to different ages, sexes, and situations in life, will not be rejected by the public, unless they offend against morality, tire by their sameness, or disgust by their imitation of other writers."

TRIAL OF JESUS CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.—An English translation of the tract of M. Dupin entitled "Jesus before Caiaphas and Pilate; or, the Trial of Jesus Christ" (see "Leisure Hour," No. 735), has been published in the work of Simon Greenleaf, LL.D., of the United States, second edition, 1847, published by A. Maxwell and Son, 32, Bell Yard, and W. Smith, 113, Fleet Street, on the "Examination of the Testimony of the Evangelists, &c., with an account of the trial of Jesus." It (Greenleaf's) is a work well worth reading. G. F. T.

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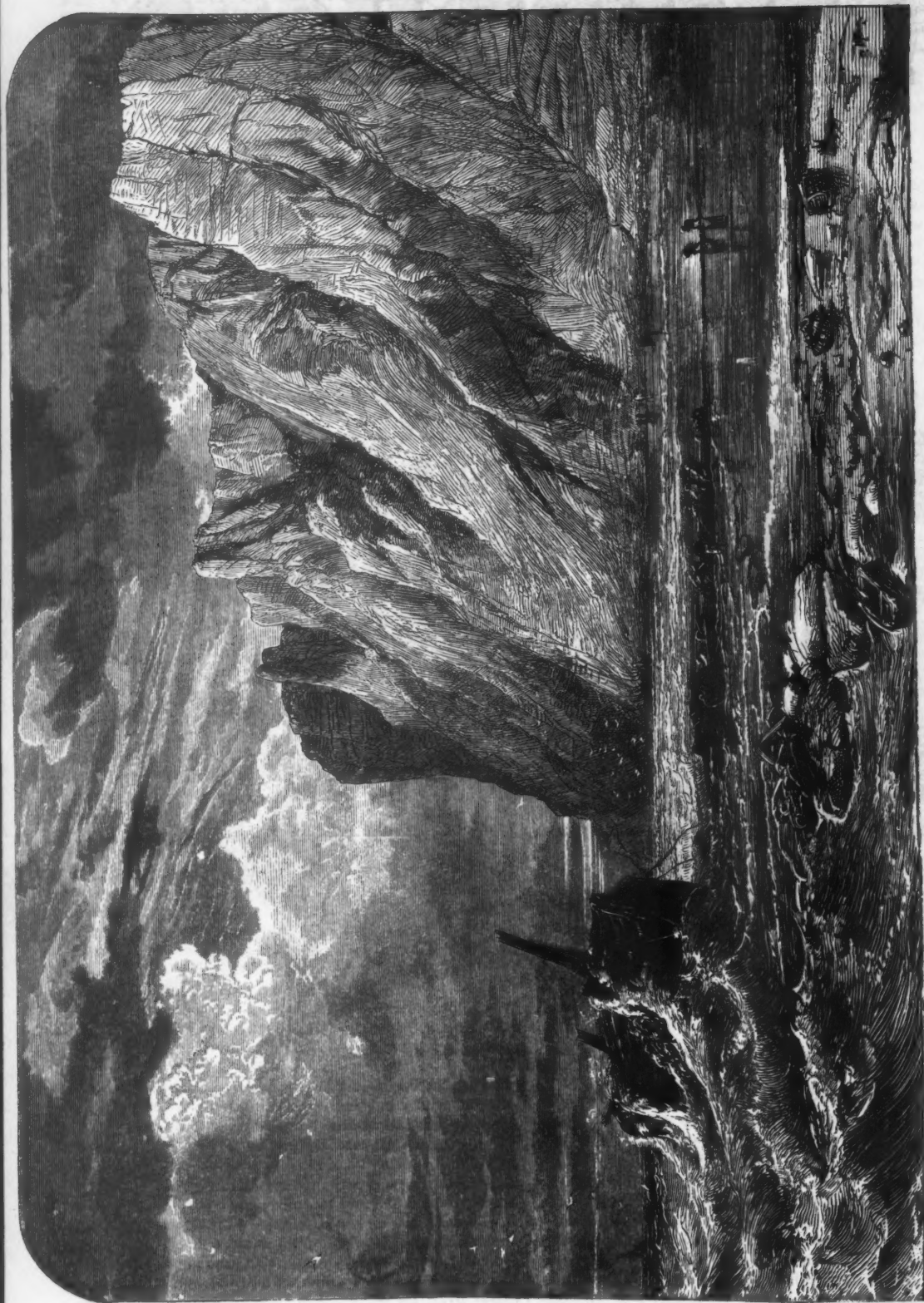
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